

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, April 8. 1710.

ONE of the first Contemplations, I had on the *Strange and Wonderfulls* of the present Age, ended in this— That there are Times and Seasons when *Nations go mad*, as well as particular Persons; that Nature has Periods and Revolutions of Time, when she suffers unusual Fermentation, fall into Fits; some Hysterical, attended with Ravings, Distortions, and violent Agitations; others Hypochondriack and Sullen — That at these Times, National Convulsions are frequent, and popular Frenzies appear as necessary Consequences of the mighty Distemper — And this I take to be our Case now; not but that we shall be cur'd again, I hope, and brought to the Exercise of our National

Understandings in Time; and perhaps after paying a little smartly for our Folly, as is usual and natural in like Cases, which and we most richly deserve.

This Observation of mine is particularly confirm'd, in that even in this Nation the Frenzies and Madness of the People have had various Revolutions, in the Course of which the very same Follies have been acted over again, almost by the same People — And all the lucid Intervals of their better and more inform'd Judgments have not been able to prevent it — And pray, Gentlemen, let me observe some of these most harmonious Circumstances, as they now present.

Gloucestershire,

Gloucestershire, or I should say, not to scandalize the whole County, 15 Men in *Gloucestershire*, have address'd her Majesty upon this eminent *High-Church* Occasion, to assure the QUEEN, they will endeavour to turn all the honest Members of this, out of the next Parliament.

Thus just 24 Years ago, *Caerlisle* address'd King James, thanking him for his standing Army, the Glory and Safety of his Kingdom, (by the way, they never said one Word of Liberty in it)

Sacheverell, having preach'd a Doctrine destructive to the Peace, Government, and Liberties of Britain, and censur'd for it by Parliament, is ador'd by the Croud, and set up against the whole Party of Britain's Deliverers by the Revolution.

Just 80 Years ago, *Manningham* preach'd the same Doctrine, was impeach'd, try'd, and censur'd by the Parliament, but is after made the Champion of the same mad Party, and a Bishop by King Charles.

The new-form'd Rabble of the *High-Church* Party in *Wrexham* have dress'd up the Effigies of the Dissenting Ministers, and burnt them in their Bonfires, to shew their Good-Will to the Persons, and the Temper of the *High-Church* Party.

Just 30 Years ago, the same *High Church* Party dress'd up an Effigy of Good Mr. *Sacheverell*, Minister of *Winchester* in *Somersetshire*—and would have burnt it:—But that Heaven forbid the Flames to consume it, by the same Power, and no less miraculous than he did in the Case of the three Children in the Furnace.

A Common-Council of a certain City, over-rul'd by 114 against 95, have voted to chime in with the Times, and address the QUEEN after the Mode of their *Gloucestershire* Masters, perhaps entreating her Majesty to accept of their Assistance to make her turn Tyrant, and set up the Pre-rogative above the Law.

Just 26 Years ago, a wise Common-Council, by 117 against 87, petition'd the King, that they might have no Charter, no Privileges, &c. but that his Majesty would be pleas'd to accept of the Surrender of their Liberties to his absolute Disposal.

Now, Gentlemen, these Climacterical Revolutions having been so visible and so frequent, for I could give you a great many more of them, let us not think it strange to see the Nation grown mad — Neither be ye chagrin and melancholy, for Want of a *Bedlam* to put the Party into — Never be uneasy; when the *Moon wanes*, and the Wind of Fashion changes the Point a little, the Lunacy will go off again, and the poor disorder'd distracted People will come to their selves — However, till they do, give me leave to entertain you with some of their raving Fits, that may divert you a little, and perhaps may open some of your Eyes.

And first a Warning-piece to *Low-Church* Men — See, Gentlemen, how the Church itself, and the Sacred Office of a Minister is treated by this Party: Mr. *Hoadly*, a Minister of the Church of England — Reverend by his Office, fill'd so by the Parliament, and recommended to her Majesty, in order to be made *more*, if not *most* Reverend, a sound Preacher, far from a Dissenter, having been a zealous Disputer against them — This Gentleman, guilty of no Crime, charg'd with no Immorality, a Breaker of no Law, only a Preacher of Liberty, behold the worthy Gentlemen, of *Wrexham*! See how their Rabble have treated him in Effigy; a Method of Execution, which is suppos'd to shew the utmost Contempt and Detestation of the Person.

They dress up a Man of Straw — Then they bring him to the publick Street of the Town, and carry him to the Door of the Meeting-house, or near it; here in Prefavation of the Holy Ordinance of Baptism, they christen it, some say, they sprinkled Water upon it, but they formally gave it a Name, and call it *Ben. Hoadly*; then they put a Rope about its Neck, and carry it in Triumph; then they bring it to the Whipping-Post, and tying it down, as is usual to Criminals, scourge it most furiously; then they carry it up, and set it in the Pillory, and to finish the Tragedy, carry it to the Water, and drown it —

Now,

Now, Gentlemen, pray what do you think you are coming to? — Is this fine *High Church Work*, or is it not? — This was no *Dissenter*; they had dress'd up several Effigies for them before, viz. For Mr. Daniel Burgefs, and Dr. Daniel Williams, and had burnt one, and bury'd the other alive, as they call it; and now they come to a Church-man.

Is it not natural to tell you Gentlemen of the Church of England, that the mobbing *Dissenters* aims at you as well as at them, and that when they have pull'd down the *Dissenters*, they will proceed to the Church? — For what has this good Man done to be thus treated? Nothing but what becomes him as a Church-man, and as a Minister; viz. Defended Truth and Liberty — And this is the Effect of it — See then the Consequence of a Rabble, and judge for your selves where it may end.

In my Review of the 4th Instant, N^o 4. I gave you an Account of the mobbing of old Mr. Sacheverell, the Ancestor of our present worthy Champion, and their burning him in Effigy. I told you that Story with some Caution, having not the Particulars then at hand, and some have suggested from thence, that I was not sure of the Generals — But let no Man please himself with my being over cautious, as if the Story was the less true — I have it now confirm'd, and sent me by a Reverend Minister of that Country, who has been at the Pains to enquire, and to have it confirm'd out of the Mouths of several living Witnesses, besides the printed Account of it, *Vide, Mirabilis Annus*, printed in the Year 1662. Take therefore the Account *verbatim*, as it is sent me by one, whose Authority I can depend upon.

SIR,

WE are from very good Hands assur'd of a very strange Providence of God, that lately happen'd at Wincanton in the County of Somerset, on the 29th of May 1661. The Relation whereof, as it was receiv'd from honest and faithful Persons, Eye-Witnesses, take

as followeth. Upon the said 29th of May, being his Majesty's Birth-Day, and appointed as a Day of Thanksgiving for his Majesty's Restoration to the Exercise of his Regal Power over these Nations, Mr. Sacheverell, the Minister of the Town of Wincanton aforesaid, did in the Celebrating the Memorial of that Day, or on the Lord's Day foregoing, preach to the People from 1 Sam. 12. 25. But if ye shall do wickedly, ye shall be consum'd, both ye and your King. From which Words he rais'd very clearly this Observation, That wicked and profane Men are the worst Subjects; which he demonstrated and confirm'd by several Arguments, and in his Application did endeavour to convince that Part of his Auditory, which his Text was most applicable to, of the Inconsistency of their present Course of Profaneness, Drunkenness, Whoredom, scoffing at Religion, Swearing, Blaspheming, &c. with that which is Loyalty indeed, and wherewith any Prince can be either advantaged or honoured. The rude debauch'd Multitude of the Town, who judg'd themselves the best Subjects, because most obnoxious to the Preachers Reproofs, were extremely scandaliz'd and enrag'd at this Doctrine, and resolv'd to be aveng'd on the Minister for so open detecting their Disloyalty to their Sovereign. To which Purpose they prepare an Effigy made of Straw, and cloath'd it in Black, which might represent Mr. Sacheverell, and put into his Hand a Catechism compil'd by the late Reverend Assembly of Divines, and with a Horse, or Horses, drew it thro' the Town upon a Sledge, and at several honest sober Mens Doors as they pass'd along, they made a Stand, demanding of it whether it would read the Common-Prayer or no; to which some were appointed still to make Answer in the Negative, wherupon they drew it away to the Place where they had set in order above an hundred Fagots of Furfes, and other such like combustible Matter, in the midst of which Pile they place the aforesaid Effigies upon a short Pole, and then kindled their Bonfire; and tho' the Effigies was in the midst of a very quick and fierce Flame which ascended above it, yet the Fire had no Power at all over it, but it remain'd, after a good Part of the Materials were consum'd, altogether untouch'd: At which the Multitude were so enrag'd, that

one of them discharg'd a Gun at it, which, as he shot it off, brake in pieces, and hurt himself with some others that stood near him. Then another of the Company struck at it with a Hanger, which also by the Force of the Blow brake in two; then they took it down and held it in the Fire, and the Wind blew the Flame from it, so that they could not make it burn; then they held it in the Fire on the contrary Side, and the Wind immediately turn'd, and kept the Flame again from seizing on it. After all, they were forc'd to pull it to pieces, and so by piece-meal at last consum'd it in the Fire. This Relation, with the several Circumstances of it, as we have here inserted them, will be attested by divers Inhabitants in the said Town of Wincanton; and the Truth of the Story is so notoriously known there, that the Actors themselves have not the Face to deny it, or any Part of it; and we cannot but hope, that it hath left some Conviction upon them, seeing the Lord by this strange and miraculous Providence hath so publicly and manifestly disown'd and rebuk'd their barbarous and inhuman Usage, (and that only for telling them the Truth) of their faithful Minister, in their Attempts, tho' in vain, against that Man of Sin, which they made to represent him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WH-reas great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth——By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been stop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

There are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the usual Number deliver'd by the Publisher,——A certain Number shall be left at Mr. Nathaniel Cliff's, Bookseller in Cheap-side, near Mercers'-Chappel, and at M^s. Pye at the Sign of the Golden Perriwig at Charing Cross; where any Gentlemen may be supply'd either with single Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they please.

Lately Publish'd,
A New Treatise of the Venereal Disease; wherein (other Authors being refuted) its true Cause, Nature, Signs, dangerous Effects, various Ways of Receiving, Symptoms first discovering, and infallible Method of preventing its Infection, together with the best, most cheap, safe, speedy, easie, and private Methods of Cure, are set forth. By what Method and Medicines Persons injur'd by Mercury may be reliev'd, is here discover'd; as also the Cause and Cure of old Gleets in Men, and the Whites in Women. Sold (Price 1 s. 6 d.) by the Author Dr. SPINKE, at his House, the Golden Ball in the Passage between the Sun and Castle Taverns in Honey-Lane Market, Cheap-side. His Pills are 3 s. the Box, with Directions.



BARTLETT of Goodman's-Fields, whose Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Universal Esteem, being Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the Shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over against Cheap-side-Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in Goodman's-Fields, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.